

Poetry.

The Phantom.

[This incomparable beautiful poem is from the pen of Edward Taylor. The reader will detect the reference of the shadow to that of his dead wife.]
Again I sit within the mansion
In the old familiar room,
And shade and sunshine chase each other
Over the carpet at my foot.
But that sweet-bird's strain has wailed upward
In the summer's that are past,
And the willow-trails its branches lower
Than when I saw them last.
They strive to shut the sunshine wholly
From out the haunted room;
To fill the house that once was joyous
With silence and with gloom.
And many kind, remembered faces
Within the doorway come—
Voices that wake the sweeter music
Of one that has been dumb.
They sing, in tones as if at ease,
The songs she loved to hear;
They breathe the life in summer garlands,
Whose folds were torn and rent.
And still her footsteps in the passage,
Harmonious and true,
Her mind words of wisdom welcome,
Come back to me once more.
And all forgotten of my sorrow,
Unmindful of my pain,
I think she has but newly left me,
And soon will come again.
She stays without, perchance, a moment,
To dress her dark brown hair;
I hear her rustle of her garments—
Her light step on the stair.
O, fluttering hair! control the tumult,
Ere eyes of mine should see
My cheeks betray the rash of rapture
Her coming brings to me.
She lingers long, but let a whisper
Beyond the open door,
And gliding through the quiet sunshine,
A shadow on the floor.
Ah! 'tis the whispering plant that calls me,
The vine, whose shadow stray;
And my patient heart must still await her,
Nor chide her long delay.
But my heart grows weary waiting
As many a time before;
Her foot is ever at the threshold,
Yet never passes o'er.

Where Rest May be Found.

Tell me, ye winged winds,
That sweep the pathway road,
Do you not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more—
Some lone and pleasant spot
Some valley in the West,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The lone winds sighing a whisper low,
As if they answered—"Nay."
Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows roared and play,
Know'st thou not some favored spot,
Some island far away—
Where wretched man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The high waves rolling in perpetual foam,
Stopped for a while, and answered—"Nay."
And thou, serene moon,
That with each boy thou dost
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace—
Tell me, in all thy rounds,
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in awe,
And sweet, but sad, responded—"Nay!"

The Fate of the Apostles.

The following brief history of the Apostles we have never seen in a popular print until a day or two ago. It may be new to those whose reading has not been evangelically to know that
St. Matthew is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was slain with a sword at the city of Ethiopia.
St. Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria, in Egypt, till he expired.
St. Luke was hanged on an olive tree in Greece.
St. John was put in a cauldron of boiling oil, at Rome, and escaped death. He afterwards died a natural death at Ephesus in Asia.
St. James the great, was beheaded at Jerusalem.
St. James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle, or wing of the temple, and then beaten to death with a mallet's club.
St. Philip was hanged up against a pillar, at Hierapolis, a city of Phrygia.
St. Bartholomew, was flayed alive, by the command of a barbarian King.
St. Andrew was bound to a cross whence he preached to the people until he expired.
St. Thomas was run through the body with a lance, at Coronado, in the East Indies.
St. Jude was shot to death with arrows.
St. Simon Zeot was crucified in Persia.
St. Matthias was first stoned and then beheaded.
St. Barnabas was stoned to death by the Jews at Salamis.
St. Paul was beheaded at Rome by the tyrant Nero.
A pompous clergyman once said to a country-fellow, who was passing him while he was reading the Bible, "Do you know, who I am?" "You are better than I, I think," "Well, may be it is so, mister," said the other, "but I am a minister."

A Popular Tale.

THE DIAMOND RING; Or, the Astrologer's Stratagem.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

CHAPTER I.

THE GOLDSMITH'S SHOP.

In the year 1775—a year memorable in the annals of our country—there was located in Newbury street, a large wooden building, the ground floor of which was occupied by a jeweler's shop. Over the door, in what would now be termed rude letters, were inscribed the name and occupation of the inmates—Dewrie & Waldeck, Goldsmiths.
It was the day after the battle of Lexington. A few excited colonists had gathered in the shop, discussing the particulars of the affair, the details of which were slowly spreading through the town. The affair had a startling effect. The fires of patriotism, which burned brightly in a thousand hearts, were all ready to burst out. It needed but such an act as that at Lexington to multiply events for the page of the historian.
The group in the goldsmith's shop seemed to be of one mind. The vigorous proceedings of the "Committee of Safety" were warmly approved. All were eager for the strife, which should inform the mother country that her American Colonies were the homes of men, and not of servile vassals, who would patiently submit to be scourged.
Behind the counter stood the senior of the partners, silent, but listening with intense interest to the discussion. Some brooding care seemed to have gathered over his mind, and closed up the deep channels of his heart, for it beat not in unison with those of the group.
John Dewrie was no patriot. His soul was too narrow to admit any sentiment higher than the love of self. Ten years of stirring times had added but one care to his bundle of worldly vexations. He was rich—his mind and heart were absorbed in his money bags. The fear of being despoiled of his treasure was a source of more anxiety to him, than the invasion of his country's liberties. His sordid soul was unmoved by the oppression and tyranny which had roused his countrymen to action—to arms. He was identified with no code of principles, neither those of liberty nor of loyalty. His money bags were his all in all; and he was willing to espouse the cause of the party which promised him the best protection in the possession of his wealth. Thus far, in his inability to decide the question satisfactorily, he had remained neutral, or rather had avoided a rupture with either party. With anxious solicitude he watched the signs of the times, and having no prejudices either way, he was impartial in his judgment.
While the group were thus discussing the question, they were interrupted by the entrance of a young man, scarcely twenty-one years of age—a nephew of the senior partner. His dress was disordered, and he was apparently exhausted by the fatigues of a recent journey.
The young man received a hearty greeting from the excited group, but his uncle appeared to regard him with a timid reserve.
"Well, Rob," said one of the group, "you are from Lexington?"
"I am; the first blow has been struck—the country is all in arms."
"Tell us about the fight, Rob, the fight! Did the militia do their duty like men?"
"Ay, soldier and civilian," replied the young man, who proceeded to relate the particulars of the affair, which were as familiar as household words to every American.
"Hurrah for the militia of Massachusetts!" shouted one of the more enthusiastic of the listeners, when the young man had completed his narration.
"Gentlemen, gentlemen, let me entreat you to be cautious; you forget that the town is full of British soldiers," said the prudent John Dewrie, beginning to tremble lest the enthusiasm of the group should compromise his own standing with the loyalists.
"So it is—a curse upon them! But if there is any meaning in the public sentiment of Boston, they will soon be driven out."
"Very likely; but you know there is nothing to be gained by imprudence," returned the goldsmith.
"You are over cautious, Mr. Dewrie."
"It is necessary to be very careful in these troublous times."
"Too much prudence will make you a traitor to the liberties of these colonies," and the speaker bestowed a most unequivocal sneer upon the timid goldsmith.
"I wish well to my country," replied Dewrie, in a fawning tone; "and I only ask her sons and patriots to use a little prudence and forethought. Yes, I wish well to my country."
"But not to your King," exclaimed a tall, elderly man wearing the uniform of a British officer, who at this moment entered the shop. "So, this is the head-quarters of rebellion!" and the speaker cast a glance of stern inquiry at the group.
"No, God forbid!" exclaimed the goldsmith, raising both hands in a deprecatory gesture. "We are loyal citizens, Colonel Powell."
"Ay, loyal," said one of the group, "but liberty or death—the liberty of the English subject, or the death of the patriot martyr!"
"Beware! citizens; your speech favors of rebellion," said Colonel Powell, with a menacing gesture, and raised his hand as if to strike.
"It is rebellion, sir, to insist upon the natural rights of the English subject," said Robert Dewrie with modest firmness.

The world goes, passably good-looking.

But his eye was sinister in its expression, seeming to project from its black and piercing depths, the most unmistakable indications of unworthy purposes and evil desires.
Occasionally, as he rubbed up a column of figures, a muttered curse escaped him. He had closed the book with which he had been engaged, when Colonel Powell entered.
"Ah, Waldeck, I am glad to see you," said the officer, as he cordially shook the hand of the other.
"Colonel Powell! then you were not shot by the rebels yesterday?" replied Waldeck.
"No! we had quite a pretty little fight with them; though, after all, we had to use our heels. But how are the funds to-day?" and Powell cast an anxious glance at the goldsmith.
"Short, very short, Colonel!" and Mr. Waldeck shook his head.
"I want five hundred pounds to-day." "Impossible!"
"I must have it."
"I should be very happy to oblige you, but the fact is, I have not a shilling in the concern at the present time."
"But you must raise it for me."
Mr. Waldeck knit his brow, and seemed to be struggling with his thoughts. While he reflects we will make a few necessary explanations.
The firm, both members of which have been introduced to the reader, was one of the most distinguished in the town. It had the reputation of being the most wealthy—a circumstance which is explained by the wealth of the senior partner, who was the capitalist, while the other was the man of talent and skill.
Waldeck, by superior address, had crowded himself into the most opulent and aristocratic families, thus opening the way for a more extensive business, and increasing the reputation of his house.
Among others, Waldeck had been introduced into the family of Colonel Powell, an officer of the British crown. This gentleman was of luxurious habits, free and liberal with his incomes. As is often the case with such persons, his financial affairs were in an embarrassed condition. As his circle of acquaintances increased, his expenses grew proportionally greater, and he was obliged to resort to the money-lenders for assistance. Waldeck, with a masterly penetration, discovered the financial difficulties of the Colonel, and volunteered to supply all his wants. This he had done on doubtful securities, up to the time of our tale, when his own means were entirely exhausted.
Colonel Powell's demand for the loan of five hundred pounds, as he said, it was impossible to meet. But Waldeck, for urgent reasons, was extremely anxious to furnish the accommodation—as much so as the Colonel was to receive it.
Colonel Powell's daughter, Amelia, was the belle of the town. Besides the possession of surpassing personal charms, she was richly endowed with intellectual attractions. She was a sensible young lady which, to the observing man, cannot but be accounted a wonderful circumstance in a beauty.
Toward Amelia, Waldeck had long cast an admiring gaze, secretly hoping, however, in the crowd of gay daffodils that encircled her, to bear away the palm of victory. He had gazed and admired until his head and his heart both had been touched, and he could not look with patience upon the prospect of defeat. Amelia had always treated him with respectful courtesy, and the little spark of hope was rapidly kindled into a flame.
Waldeck feared to rest his suit upon his own individual merits alone. The father's embarrassments appeared to him the avenue through which he could reach the coveted prize. Since the opening of this business relation, Waldeck had become a frequent visitor at the dwelling of his debtor. Though nothing had ever been said on the subject, Waldeck could see that his visits were rather encouraged than discountenanced; and he also noticed that the application for loans increased in frequency. His own exchequer was now exhausted. Of himself he was a poor man. If this fact should become known to Amelia's father, he doubted not that all his hopes would be instantly crushed.
Mr. Waldeck was thoroughly entangled in the meshes of the dilemma. He dared not refuse the demand, and it was impossible to comply with it.
"Well, sir, what do you think?" said Col. Powell, impatient at the long silence of the other.
"Must you have the money to-day?"
"It would serve me to-morrow morning, if that will facilitate the business."
"Without doubt I can furnish the amount at that time," answered Waldeck, "Thank you; but do not disappoint me."
"I will not."
"In the meantime if you are disengaged, drop into my house this evening, and we will have a social game over a bottle of old Madeira."
"I thank you, Colonel, but I shall probably be occupied in obtaining this money."
"Sorry for it, but then business—what the devil is all that noise in the shop?" said Col. Powell, as the angry dispute was heard recorded in the last chapter, reached his ears.
"Nothing but a little difficulty between the old gentleman and his nephew," and Waldeck approached the door to ascertain the nature of the quarrel.
For a moment he listened, and a sinister smile played upon his lips.
"A lucky event!" muttered he, as he turned from the door.
"Anything serious?" asked Colonel Powell, who approached him with an air of attention. He was disappointed in being un-

"I think not; they have frequently quarreled of late."

For some time longer the two gentlemen conversed together. Waldeck appeared abstracted, and often gave strange answers. He seemed to be engrossed with some purpose, which demanded all the energies of his thought and his will. After Colonel Powell's departure, he paced the room, occasionally muttering an exclamation of satisfaction, or again, as the picture in his mind grew dark, vented an imprecation of impatience.
After pacing the room for a time in this manner, he gradually began to grow calmer, and when he had entirely subdued his agitation, he rung his bell which was answered by a colored boy, the only servant in the house beside the woman who officiated as house-keeper.
"Where is Robert?" asked Mr. Waldeck, in an indifferent tone.
"Don't know, massa; 'spect he's in the room."
"See if he is."
"Shall I tell him massa want to see him?"
"No, only ascertain if he is in the house."
The negro departed, and soon returned with the intelligence that Robert was in his room. Mr. Waldeck seemed satisfied, and shortly after went into the shop.
Dewrie was still in the cellar. The door of the shop was locked. Waldeck walked up and down the apartment several times, and then approached the trap-door behind the counter, through which his partner had descended. For a moment he paused as if in doubt; his brow contracted, and his black eye seemed to expand before the thought that struggled for expression. Then, after casting a hasty glance toward the door, he raised the trap and descended.
In this cellar was the depository of John Dewrie's wealth. At the first indications of a rebellious spirit in his country, visions of robbery, pillage, and seige had constantly haunted him. His immense wealth he feared would become the prey of the soldiery. In the truest sense, he was a friendless man; and his lonely and unsympathizing heart magnified the dangers. His neighbors believed him wealthy, but they had no conception of the extent of his riches, for his miserly disposition prompted him to conceal the fact as much as possible.
The events connected with the Stamp Act, the Boston Port Bill, and finally the quartering of the soldiers in the town, had destroyed all his hopes of a peaceful conclusion to the difficulties. His anxiety gave him no respite from the gloomy foreboding that clustered around his existence. Deprived of his natural rest, his cares, had made deep inroads upon his constitution. Day by day he grew thinner and paler, his step became more feeble, his eyes sunk deeper into his head, and *wiser* was written on every lineament of his countenance.
Unless some respite from his cares should be found, he foresaw that they would bring him to the grave. The fear of death was stronger, if possible, than the love of money. But where should he look for counsel and sympathy? His life had won him no friends. His nephew, but yet a boy, was a partisan in the strife. His partner was young, and might not be worthy of his confidence. But there was no alternative. Reluctantly, therefore, he disclosed to Mr. Waldeck the great secret of his existence. By his aid a plan was devised, which promised to afford ample protection to the treasure in the hour of invasion.
The cellar wall on the street was taken down, and beneath the sidewalk a capacious vault was excavated. This was stoned up and arched over. The treasure, the extent of which surprised Mr. Waldeck, was removed from various trunks and drawers in which it had been secreted, and deposited in the vault. The cellar wall was then replaced, and the avaricious goldsmith as he regarded the perfection of the contrivance, felt entirely secure for the first time in many years. All the labor of this operation had been performed by the partners, so that no other person suspected the existence of the secret vault.
The threat of Robert Dewrie had startled his uncle. Perhaps the young man had discovered the secret. The thought was appalling, and the old man had stationed himself as sentinel over it.
Robert Dewrie was an orphan, and having been left at a tender age with a considerable property, his uncle was appointed his guardian. His available estate, with that of the goldsmith, was deposited in the vault.
When Mr. Waldeck entered the cellar, he found his partner examining the wall, to ascertain if any effort had been made to remove the stones.

CHAPTER II.

THE LOAN.

It was evening and Robert Dewrie was still in his room. The events of the day had made a deep impression upon his mind. He had quarreled with his uncle, had used hard words and threatened violence to him. In the quiet of his apartment, now that the heat of his passion had passed away, he regretted it. The sordid character of his uncle rendered him an object of disgust to the open-hearted young man, and it was not an unusual thing for them to indulge in harsh epithets toward each other. But the rupture of that day was much more violent than had ever occurred before.
There was no light in the room, and in the darkness the young man paced the apartment. The quarrel did not cloud all his attention. He was disappointed in being un-

big to furnish the proposed aid for the militia.

While thus deliberating, the door was gently opened, and a man entered the room. It was too dark for the young patriot to distinguish his features.
"Robert, are you here?" said the man.
"Mr. Waldeck, I am glad to see you," said Robert, as he recognized the voice of his uncle's partner, whom he had not seen since his return from Lexington.
"Give me your hand, my boy; I was afraid you might have been shot in your rebellious excursion," replied Waldeck, as he grasped the hand of the other.
"I was not born to be shot; besides, your loyal subjects are not sharpshooters."
"And your uncle gave you a lecture for your imprudence, did he not? I heard some hard words pass between you."
"We did have a little difficulty; but it was not on that account. I wanted a hundred pounds and the old gentleman refused to let me have it."
"Why did you not come to me, then?"
"Because my uncle has property in his keeping, and I only wanted my own."
"And a better reason was, that the young man had but little regard for Waldeck—not even enough to borrow his money."
"But where is your uncle? I have not seen him since I overheard the quarrel."
"I do not know. I have not been out of my room since."
"Strange; he is not in the habit of absenting himself even for half an hour."
"He is safe, I will warrant. Have you a hundred pounds you can spare?" said Robert, willing, in the emergency, to accept the proffered loan.
"Certainly; I will bring it to you in a few moments," and Waldeck groped his way out of the room.
Soon after, Waldeck brought him a purse containing the money. Throwing a cloak over his shoulders he descended the stairs and left the house. Passing down Newbury, Marlborough and Cornhill, he turned up Queen-street, and stopped in front of the stately mansion of Colonel Powell. With his cloak wrapped closely around him, he gazed at the windows of the illuminated apartment. Whatever his object, it seemed to allude him, and his patience exhausted itself. Several times he walked up and down the street, and then with a kind of desperate effort of his will, he turned down the narrow passage-way that led to the back door of the house. He knocked, and his summons was answered by a black girl who led him to a room.
"Ah, Massa Robert, dat you?"
"Yes, it is I; and the young man slipping a piece of gold into the girl's hand. "Where is your mistress?"
"In de parlor, Massa Robert."
"With company?"
"No, sar, no one but de Colonel."
"How can I see her, Rose?"
The colored girl gravely deliberated upon the point, and finally decided that a meeting could take place in the dining-room, though the parties would incur some risk of an interruption from the Colonel. Accordingly she conducted the young man thither. The dining-room was contiguous to the parlor, and Robert could distinctly hear the conversation of the inmates. But the colored girl had been mistaken as to the company; an error she hastened to correct by informing him that Mr. Waldeck was there.
The brow of Robert Dewrie contracted, and a muttered imprecation escaped his lips: The girl assured him she would manage it. The gentlemen were talking of business matters, she said, and Miss Amelia was reading.
Rose was a thorough mistress of the art of diplomacy, and she made good her assurance.
"Robert how could you dare to venture to enter in my father's house?" said Amelia Powell, as she entered the dining-room.
"Love will brave every danger, Amelia," and the young man threw his arm around her neck and boldly imprinted a kiss upon her glowing cheek, which the maiden neglected to resent.
"You are too reckless Robert; if my father should surprise us, I know not what might be the consequences."
"It matters not; if your heart is still true, you will fear no consequences, but separation."
"It is that I fear most, dear Robert," and her eyes beamed with that pure affection which hallows and ennobles the human heart.
"You are the same generous girl; you love me still?"
"Love you still? Why, Robert, can you permit your heart to harbor a doubt?"
"Nay, nay! I spoke but lightly." Is Mr. Waldeck with your father?"
"He is."
"Does he still persecute you as you pleased to term it?"
"He does; and what is worse, my father seems to encourage his attentions."
"A shade of anxious solicitude darkened the brow of the young man.
"But fear not, Robert; death alone can divide us."
"Bless you, dearest; I shall yet prove worthy of your devotion," and Robert Dewrie took her willing hand.
"The fidelity of your heart alone can make you worthy," said the maiden, softly as her eyes dropped upon their united hands.
"Why, Robert, your hand is covered with blood," exclaimed she.
The young man withdrew his hand. The palm and fingers were dyed with blood. He had not observed it before, said Robert, he was so gazed with astonishment at the dark stains.

"You were at Lexington, Robert?"

"I was."
"And wounded?"
"Not badly; only a scratch cut on my arm, but it was on the other arm."
"You were badly wounded, I know you were. This is your own blood."
"No, dearest, it was only a mere scratch, and he turned up his sleeve and exhibited a slight cut, but there was no appearance of blood about it."
"Where did these stains come from, then?"
"Indeed, I know not."
"But you are every day endangering your life, Robert! Promise me that you will not engage in this rebellion."
"I cannot promise that, dear Amelia, even to you."
"But you remember it is treason against your King?"
"Is it not a just cause? Have not your knowledge thus much?"
"I have, Robert; but I cannot endure the thought that you may lose your life in some affair."
"My duty is plain; do not ask your gentle eloquence to win me from it." He said and went.
"I will not; may God protect you in the hour of peril!"
"And now love, it may be long before I see you again; be of good heart, and all shall yet terminate in joy."
"Heaven grant that it may!"
After an affectionate adieu, the young man prepared to depart. The last words of such an interview are generally the most interesting; at least, it was so in this instance, and the lovers lingered long in the interchange of the heart's tenderest emotions. The end came at last, and Amelia opened the door communicating with the hall.
"So so! my cooing doves, you have fallen into the fowler's net this time!" exclaimed Colonel Powell, who stood erect, with his arms folded, at the entrance of the room.
The lovers were astounded at this unfortunate accident, as they supposed it. The young girl shrunk back in dismay, but Robert calmly met the gaze of the angry father.
"Amelia to your room!" shouted Colonel Powell, exasperated by the calm indifference of the young man. "To your room; and as for you, sir, if you ever darken my door again, I will horse-whip you!"
"Do not be angry father," pleaded Amelia.
"To your room; disgraced and dishonored!"
"Sir, exclaimed Amelia, "it is possible that you can use such terms with me!"
"Ay, to you; and who the devil are you?" and the Colonel's passion entirely displaced his usual dignity. "Is this consistent with honor of a maiden?"
"Colonel Powell! your father's imputation is both cruel and unjust," interposed Robert, with dignified calmness.
"Puppy!" sneered Colonel Powell, "without doubt, you can honestly defend her actions."
"Father, my actions need no defence," exclaimed Amelia, all the womanly pride of her nature roused by the injustice of her father; "I need no defence; Robert Dewrie is my affianced husband!"
"Then by—, you had better be separated very soon. To your room, to your room!" Amelia, fearful of the strife that impended, obeyed the command.
"Robert Dewrie, you are a traitor to your King and country. A word from me will hang you. Regard for your friends alone withhold that word."
"Proceed, sir," said the young man unmoved by the threat.
"Leave my house, sir, or I will give you into the hands of the soldiers."
"I will leave your house, Colonel Powell, but I shall still dare to be true to my country, and Robert Dewrie, folding his cloak around him, departed from the house.
"Coolly done, by heavens!" muttered the Colonel as he closed the door and returned to the parlor, in which Waldeck was waiting him.
"A Morrhaz's Wren.—A certain lady had a child which she never allowed to be taken, for fear it would make him sick. Relatives, friends, and even husband, told her she would spoil the child, but all was of no avail. One day she heard him screaming with anger in the garden. At the moment she ran and ascertained the cause to be that the servant had refused to give him something he wanted.
"You impertinent creature," said the mother to the servant, "not to give the child what he wants."
"By my troth," said the girl, "he may cry till morning, and he'll not get it."
Enraged beyond bounds at this reply, the lady ran for her husband to chastise the naughty servant. The husband, who was as usual his wife's creature, ran to the servant, "You insolent creature, do you have the impudence to disobey your mistress?"
"It is true, sir, I did not obey her. The child has been crying for the moon, which he sees reflected in the fountain. I could not give it to him, though commanded by the mistress. Perhaps she can do it."
A general laugh ensued, in which the lady, despite her anger, joined. It was a good lesson for her.
"An Irishman about to enter the army was asked by one of the recruiting officers, 'well sir, when you get into battle will you fight or run?' 'By my faith,' replied the Irishman, 'I'll be after doing you harm, or as the majority of you do, I'll be after doing you no harm.'"
"An Irishman speaking of O'Connell, says 'It is the only country that a good man should think of for a moment. You have not only lots of work and plenty of money, but a climate so cold that you have nothing to do for more than half a year.'"